

# **AFTER FORTY YEARS**

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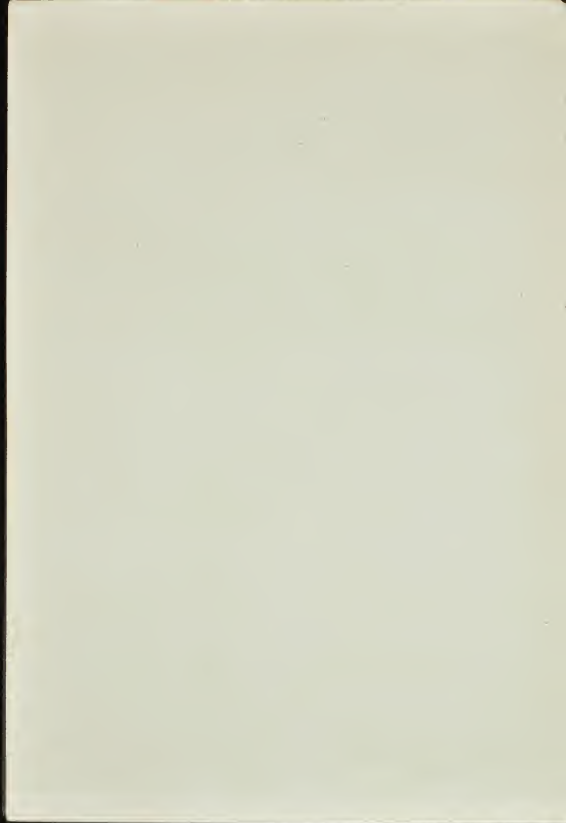
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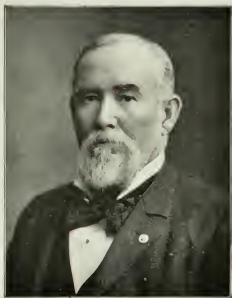
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*DR. J. R. GORRELL*  
*Newton, Iowa*

## AFTER FORTY YEARS

One of the especial joys of my whole life was the accidental meeting of my old and very dear friend, Bill Caston, on the street in Tia Juana (pronounced "Teewanee"). There are no sidewalks in this village, a Mexican town of about five hundred inhabitants, at the terminus of the railroad seventeen miles south of San Diego, just over the California line into Mexico.

We had grown to manhood as near neighbors in Indiana and were friends such as are only found in frontier countries where neighbors are remote from each other. We had shared each other's joys and sorrows and melons as boys and as young men, and I was with him when his intended wife died in his arms on their wedding day. He enlisted soon thereafter and I had not seen him since the battle of Resaca, forty years ago. Notwithstanding his cerrapo, his sombrero, his buckskin suit, his long hair and whiskers streaked with gray, and my white hair, we recognized each other at once; more I think from intuition or some unknown soul force or affinity than from any resemblance that either of us had to our former selves. It is true that time has not removed from my memory a recollection of his commanding presence, his stately bearing, his massive head and his big black eyes. He was, and is, the finest specimen of a man, physically, I have ever seen, standing six feet and weighing two hundred and forty pounds without superfluous adipose tissue. He took my hand in both his great brawny fists, looked me calmly in the face for a few seconds, there glinted something in his eye and his lip trembled as he said: "This is the happiest day of my life for forty years." We spent an hour together and at parting he said, "You must spend a day or two with me at my cabin, and I can't take no for an answer." I promised to do so and I did, but I

shall always regret having made that promise. He then introduced me to the Mexican who drove the stage from Tia Juana to Ensinado, a distance of seventy miles, another Mexican town on the coast. He directed the driver to let me off at Bear Gulch and to show me the path to his cabin, which, he said, was a half mile from the stage road and eight miles from Tia Juana. As there are only two stages a week each way and as one had just gone, I had to wait over two days for the next.

I took an early train from San Diego and arrived at Tia Juana an hour before the stage started. A heavy iron box was put into the stage which was in charge of a big Scotchman, who said his name was Andrew Stewart and that he had relatives in Iowa. He had one carbine slung over his shoulder, another which he carried in his hand and two revolvers and a bowie knife in his belt. The stage left at 10 a. m., and there were no other passengers. The circumstances did not tend to quiet a nervous system, already feeling a little tension. As the country is wild, barren, stony and hilly, our progress was slow. We talked about our nearness to the ocean, which was several places in sight, and the uninhabited section through which we were passing and as to whether there was large game near the stage road. He said there were deer, bear and mountain lion in great abundance. I said to him, not believing what I said, "You are evidently on a hunting trip." "No," he said, "I am the guard to this stage." He no doubt saw that I was surprised, putting it mildly, and he very coolly handed me one of the carbines and said, "I don't think you will have any use for it, but if you do, it's mighty handy to have." He then said, "There are ten thousand dollars in that box and those three Mexican devils that stood around the stage when it was put in, looking so innocent, are just as well known to be bandits as if they had been arrested, tried, convicted and hung as they ought to be, and they knew there was a good deal of money in it, but they also know that I am on the stage as guard, always ready for business. I know all about self praise, how very thin it generally is, but I have a record that justifies me in saying



that there are two men in northern Mexico that no four bandits care to have a mix-up with, and I am one of them and Bill Caston is the other."

"Bill Caston?" I said with so much earnestness that he looked at me in surprise and said, "Do you know Bill Caston?" "Yes," I said, "we were friends in our boyhood in Indiana and I am now on my way to spend a few days with him at his cabin." "Bill Caston," he said, "is known for a hundred miles and yet he has few acquaintances. He is always fearless and, although it is sometimes hinted that there is a dark spot in his past record, we who know him well, know that it is rotten calumny, for he is the soul of honor. Well, uncle," he said, "you don't look as though you were accustomed to his way of living, but he will take care of you just the same, and don't you forget it, and he will meet you at the Gulch if he knows you are coming. Although he is sixty-five years old, in a genuine mix-up for blood, either with road agents or bear, or mountain lion, he is a whirlwind, a tornado and a cyclone under one management. Within the last year three Mexican desperadoes attempted to retire him from circulation near Bear Gulch and he sent the three over the range with their boots on in less than two minutes by the watch." And then he continued, "He is just as modest as he is brave. Most men, you know, would be awfully stuck up after rendering such valuable service to their country, but he wasn't—didn't appear to realize that there was any more merit in what he had done than if he had only killed one."

You have noticed that I have kept a sharp lookout from the rear of the stage. The reason is that if we are attacked it must be from the road over which we have traveled or from a by-road that enters the stage road near Bear Gulch. If from the rear, they will ride up boldly at a furious rate, shooting as they come; if from the by-road, they will be concealed behind ledges of rock, situated where the by-road enters the main road."

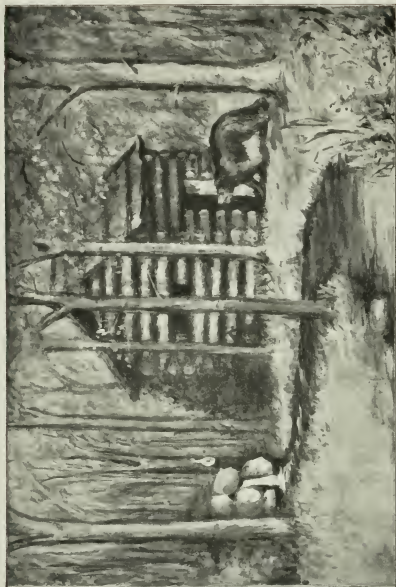
He assured me again that he did not believe we were in danger, but he kept his carbine cocked and held in such a manner that it could be brought to his face in a second,

which appeared to me out of harmony with his words. When within half a mile of Bear Gulch, he directed the driver to stop. At this point the road made a sharp curve. He got out of the stage and for ten minutes looked back along the road. We heard nothing and saw nothing; the stillness was almost painful. He handed the driver one of his revolvers and said to him: "Drive on the dead run until we are forty rods beyond the by-road." We pulled up at Bear Gulch. We got out and the driver came down from the boot and we remained there fifteen minutes and during that time the driver remarked several times that our not having been attacked was because they were afraid of the big Scotchman. Mr. Stewart appeared worried because Bill did not meet me, but after waiting twenty-five minutes, he said, "Bill knows it is safe or he would have been here. There is the path, keep to the right of the gulch to his cabin." He shook hands, bade me goodbye, the stage rattled on over the stones and I was alone eight miles from a human habitation.

With misgivings as to what was the right thing to do, I started up the path. If there had been a stage back to the railroad before night I would have gone back. As I walked, a feeling of dread—a feeling that something awful was going to happen—came over me, that with all the philosophy I could command, I could not shake off. I walked quite briskly up the path for a distance that appeared to me more than a half mile. A part of the way the grade was very steep and at all points was near a little stream that flowed noisily among the loose stones in the bottom of the ravine, with here and there a pool of clear water, in all of which there were ducks and geese in great numbers. They were so indifferent to my presence that I at first wondered if they were tame, but remembering that there was no human habitation within eight miles, decided that they must be what are called wild. Later on I learned the cause of their appearing so tame. They were never shot at and my noble hearted friend often fed them barley as he did other birds near his cabin. Having gone at a pretty rapid gait at an eleva-

tion of 400 feet, for a distance that, as I said, appeared more than a half mile, I was very tired, and sat down on a stone near the path to rest. I set my cane between my feet, put my hands on my cane and my head on my hands. I must have dozed or been in a profound reverie from which I was suddenly aroused and startled by the swoop of a great bird, the swish of whose wings fanned my face, and just as I opened my eyes I saw the bird, which I recognized as a bald eagle, grasp in its claws a jack rabbit, that must have been sleeping on the rocks on the other side of the gulch only forty or fifty yards from where I was sitting. The pitiful screaming and crying of the rabbit as it and the eagle disappeared in the tree tops only intensified my feeling of unrest. I hurried on up the path and was surprised, and under other circumstances would have been delighted, with the great number and variety of birds, large and small, and their wonderfully bright plumage. They were so tame that many of them did not move when I passed within a few feet of them. The largest and most beautiful I learned later on was the Mexican pheasant, as large as a prairie chicken, and its plumage rivaled in splendor the famous Chinese pheasant.

A feeling of relief and exhilaration came to me when I saw the cabin, which I recognized as Bill Caston's mountain home from a spring that flowed from the rock not twenty feet from the door. I took a refreshing drink from the gourd that hung on a tree. The door stood ajar, and as there was no response to my rap, I walked in. The cabin was about sixteen by eighteen, was two stories high and was built of logs or poles from six to eight inches in diameter without chinking or daubing. The roof was made of the bark of a tree that peels readily and was cut into strips six inches wide and four feet long, nailed to poles that served as rafters. A piece of one of the logs about three feet long and five feet from the ground on each side of the house had been sawed out for windows. There was no lower floor and about one-half of the upper floor was covered with boards, close together, on which his bed stood. The other



*The Cabin*

THE NEW YORK  
LIBRARY

half was partially covered with loose boards at irregular distances from each other. Two old chairs, a rude table, four or five boxes, all covered and the covers held in place by heavy stones, a sheet iron stove, and a library of several hundred volumes in an elegant black walnut book case was all the furniture the cabin contained.

A step ladder, or movable stairway, made of two slender poles with slats nailed on for steps, extended from the ground and the upper end rested on the boards that made the upper floor. I walked or climbed up the ladder and sat down on the ends of the boards. As I sat there the same feeling of dread, that had been somewhat dispelled by the birds and seeing the cabin, returned to me. I wondered why my friend was not there. He had told me at Tia Juana a few days before that he was going on a hunting and trapping trip, but that he would be back before my arrival. Had he met foul play at the hands of some desperado or had he been killed in an encounter with wild beasts?

After this suspense has lasted more than an hour, I heard heavy footsteps approaching the open door, and to my surprise and horror a huge bear stuck its nose in, gave two or three sniffs and then walked in. Any attempt to describe my emotions is useless. Words will not do it, and without thinking what I was doing, or why I did it, I gave the stairway on which my feet were resting, a violent kick. It fell against the door which went shut with a bang and latched. My God! I was frightened to bewilderment. I did not suppose that the positive knowledge of approaching death would have so overwhelmed me with fear. I appeared to myself absolutely helpless and without hope. The bear at first paid little attention to me, as with an occasional vicious look, and a low growl it continued to smell around the wall and root among the boxes. After a little while it stood on its hind legs and tried to put its head out of the window. Failing in this it went to the other window with like result and then rooted at the door as if it knew where it came in.

I looked hurriedly around in the hope of finding some weapon of defense and, fortunately, I thought, there lay on the loose boards within easy reach a large hatchet or hand ax with a handle about twenty inches long. I grasped it with both hands, stood on my knees near the place where I thought the bear would try to come up to me, and awaited an emergency that I momentarily expected. The bear by this time evidently began to realize its imprisonment and was becoming furious. It began to froth at the mouth, its eyes became red as fire and its hideous howls appalled me. Presently it took a position directly underneath where I sat, stood erect on its hind legs, put one paw on the ends of the boards on which I was sitting, its head extending within twenty inches of my face. Its eyes glistened and sparkled like balls of fire, its big, red, ugly mouth wide open and its long sharp teeth a mass of froth, and it gave the most terrific howl, which appeared to nerve me to desperation. And before the howl was out of its mouth I dealt it a blow with the edge of the hatchet, with all the force I could command, between the eyes, from which the blood spurted in a stream that covered the lower part of my face and my shirt front. The blow must have been delivered with great force for, while the animal did not fall, its foot slipped off the ends of the boards and it settled down in a heap on the ground and remained there in a dazed or partially paralyzed condition.

At the end of five or fifteen or twenty minutes, during which time it remained in the semi-conscious condition, I heard footsteps approaching the cabin, and before I could think what to do, the door opened and in stepped my friend and, without looking around, shut the door. When he turned around after having closed the door, the bear having recovered from its stupor, was standing on its hind legs and its mouth wide open ready to attack him. Quick as thought he jerked a knife from his belt, made a lunge for the bear and a thrust with his knife, which no doubt would have penetrated its heart but for a downward blow with its paw, that knocked the knife out of his hand and it fell eight

feet behind the now infuriated animal. Bill, evidently in the full possession of his faculties and being a man of Herculean strength, bent his head and shoulders slightly forward and threw himself against the bear with all his strength and they fell together near where the knife lay. The fight was becoming desperate; as they rolled over each other on the ground, I saw my friend's face covered with blood, and the bear's mouth several times near his throat, and whether his powerful left arm and hand could protect his face and neck until he got his knife was at that moment the most difficult and exciting problem I ever attempted to solve.

I was old and not strong but I had the hatchet and my very dear friend was in what I feared was a death struggle without any weapon of defense. What should I do? I grasped the hatchet in my right hand and in changing my position preparatory to jumping down to his rescue—or my death—I moved a piece of old carpet that I had not seen and uncovered the breech of a gun. Heavens! I seized it, shoved the lever and saw it was a repeating Winchester of large caliber and loaded. From that moment I was myself. I took deliberate aim at the bear's head, waited a few seconds until all parts of Bill's limbs and head were out of range, and fired. Before the roar of the gun had died away I saw a general tremor, all its muscles relaxed, its mouth shut with a snap, its head lopped over on Bill's shoulder, and the great Cinnamon bear weighing over 500 pounds rolled over on its side, dead. The bullet had crashed through the base of the brain making a hole at the point of exit as large as a fist, through which a large part of the brain had escaped. Death was instantaneous.

Bill pulled himself out from among the beast's legs and partially underneath its body, picked up the ladder that I had kicked down, sat it up against the ends of the boards of the "loft," as he called it, gave me his hand and helped me down. He said, as I was coming down the ladder, with a broad smile on his bloody face, "We got him, didn't we?" "Yes," I said, "but he came very near getting you." "Oh, no," he said, "I have been in a good many worse mix-ups

than this one; you see I had just got my knife." We went to the spring just outside the cabin and washed the blood off our hands and faces. He had received no severe injury, only a few slight scratches on his face and a few bruises on his left arm, which had been somewhat protected by the buckskin coat he wore.

We skinned the bear that evening and examined the head where I struck him with the hatchet. The outer plate of the skull was fractured and perceptibly depressed. Bill said he did not believe the bear had fully recovered from the blow as it did not "put up" as good a fight as a bear of that size ought to have done. The skin which we stretched on the ground measured from the short tail to the tip of the nose, seven feet and two inches. It measured just behind the fore legs five feet and four inches. The skin when tanned is to be sent to me. The bear was a female and within one month would have been the happy mother of two darling cubs. Such is the struggle for existence.

After dinner of the next day he said: "I must water and feed my birds that are 'sitting' and then we will spend the remainder of the day at my favorite loafing place overlooking the ocean, and see the sun set and the moon rise." After having filled his pockets with barley and a jug of water, which he slung over his shoulder by means of a strap through the handle, and each of us taking a repeating rifle, he took me through the most beautiful semi-tropical natural forest I ever saw. Ever green trees of every conceivable variety and size, interspersed with majestic live oaks, and thousands of cactus, ten feet high covered with flowers of a hundred tints from the crimson red to the white and as fragrant as a rose that rivaled in splendor those I saw in the City of Mexico under high cultivation. He stopped at the nests of four Mexican pheasants where the mother hen was patiently waiting the arrival of her precious brood, and at each nest filled a little earthen vessel with fresh water, and left enough barley to provide them with ample food until he came again. We had walked half



a mile up a gradual incline and were about to emerge from the grove into an open plateau when he suddenly stopped and pointed to a rocky cliff on the bluff forty or fifty yards in our front. I noiselessly stepped to an open space by his side, and there came in plain view a mountain lion about half way up the cliff and a bald eagle calmly watching him from a projecting rock near the summit. I took deliberate aim and fired and almost at the same instant I heard the report of his gun. There was a sharp cry or scream and the lion came rolling or tumbling or jumping down the side of the cliff and fell apparently dead at the base. We approached it cautiously, our guns ready for use at any minute. It was dead; both shots had taken effect near its heart. It was the most ferocious looking beast I ever saw, scarcely excepting an African lion or Bengal tiger. It must have weighed three hundred pounds. My friend said, "I would rather have a personal encounter with any two bears I ever saw than with that mountain lion." He continued: "Mountain lions are rarely ever seen here; they have no appreciation of majestic scenery; they are a cowardly, skulking vicious animal and their normal haunts are uninteresting to animals of higher intelligence. I have lived here seven years and this is the second one I have ever seen in this part of the country. That eagle has raised two eaglets, twice a year, during that time and I never saw her in danger before. She would have met death fearlessly in an effort to defend her home and her young; but she would have been torn to pieces and her babies killed in the next few minutes. Eagles are very intelligent and fearless, and I believe appreciate a kindness. I have visited their nest every few days for seven years and I have never found a feather of my birds in or about her nests. She lives on jack rabbits, squirrels and occasionally a fish. Eagles are not vicious; they never kill anything except for food for themselves and their young, and she," pointing to the great bird that had not moved during our firing and the screaming

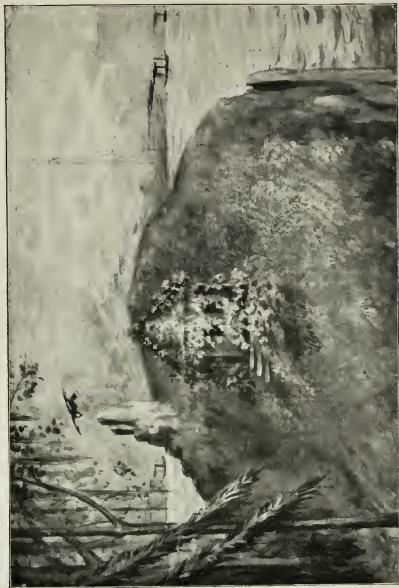
and tumbling of the mountain lion, "appears to appreciate the sublimity of her mountain home above the sea. I have several times seen her 'bold pinions touch the storm' as she calmly sailed away from her secure cliff to be tossed here and there by the tempest as it raged over the sea, for no other apparent reason than the pleasure of doing it." He climbed to the nest, a cozy little place in the cleft of the rock with perpendicular sides so deep that the little ones could not get out until they could fly, or be helped out by their mother. He lifted the two little birds, about as large as quails, out of the nest and showed them to me, the mother sat within easy reach of his hands and chattered away as if she was proud of her lovely babies and trying to express her pleasure at the attention they were receiving.

We skinned the lion, and as the work progressed, the old eagle extended her wings and gracefully floated off the crag and described a circle several rods in diameter, each time coming nearer us. Three times during her slow flight she appeared to lie absolutely motionless on the atmosphere. I observed her carefully at a distance of forty or fifty feet; her wings were extended but otherwise she appeared lifeless, suspended in mid air by some unknown force in defiance of the law of gravity. So far as I know there is no satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon. Scientists decline to admit that there is ever in nature, a violation of the law of gravity. After having remained in that passive condition for a period of one minute by my watch, she made a rapid descent, and apparently without fear of either of us, lit upon the carcass of the lion, and with her bill, which was like hooks of steel, tore out a piece of flesh and carried it to her nest. To our great surprise she returned in a few minutes carrying her young, one in each claw, and carefully set them down at our feet. They picked at the carcass but their little jaws were not strong enough to tear the flesh. They were as playful as kittens; they tumbled over each other and ran or waddled in every direction. When

they approached the bluff, four hundred feet above the ocean, she called them away with a signal which they appeared to understand. In one instance one of them had approached dangerously near the precipice and did not respond to her call; quick as thought she flew and grasped it in her claws, carried it to a place of safety and gave it a little gentle shaking for its disobedience. At the end of about a half hour's recreation, at a signal from the mother, they both squatted down, raised their tiny wings, and were carried back to the nest in the same manner they had been brought down.

Five minutes walk along the bluff took us to what he called "his favorite loafing place." I had seen Niagara Falls in winter and summer; the National Park and its geysers; Yellowstone Falls and Yellowstone lake; the majestic trees in the park at Van Couver; the wonders of an inland passage to Skagway and Sitka in Alaska; the most beautiful mountain scenery on the continent; the grand canyon of the Colorado and the petrified forests; the Columbia river to its mouth; Lookout mountain and its hallowed memories; Orchard Knob, Grant's headquarters during the battle of Missionary Ridge, the battlefield of Chicamaugua with its hundreds of sacred monuments and the bloody pond; the battlefield of Appomattox; the home of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello; I had stood on the balustrade of the Castle of Chapultepec, four hundred feet above the beautiful "White City" and its tropical surroundings, with Popocatepetl and its smoky crater in the distance; I had wandered along the Patio, extending from the center of the City of Mexico to the Castle of Chapultepec, the most beautiful driveway in the world, designed, ornamented and decorated by the poor, broken-hearted Charlotta, wife of Maximilian, and I had been in a storm at sea when the waves dashed over the ship; I had seen in the "Pearl of the West Indian Islands" that famous valley near the historic City of Matanzas, pronounced by Humboldt to be "the most beautiful valley on the

western hemisphere;" I had stood on the summit of Pike's Peak in a snow storm in August; I had heard the thunder of cannon on the battle field and had seen infantry charges, but I had seen nothing that stirred the emotions of my soul like the scene now before and around me, combining as it did the beauty of art and the sublimity of nature. We are now standing on a knoll six or seven rods in irregular area, at an elevation of twenty or thirty feet above the surrounding level plateau near the center of a promontory or peninsula of about forty to sixty acres of land four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and connected to the main land by a neck some twenty rods wide. In the rear is the beautiful forest through which we had passed: to the left and in the rear is the cliff in which is the Eagle's nest, presenting the appearance of an ancient tower whose walls had crumbled from the disintegrating effects of time and storm and had fallen about the base, majestic in its silent grandeur. To our left, in front, and to our right is the open sea; our sensations were as though we were on an island in mid ocean. Surrounding the knoll on all sides are flower beds in which hundreds of varieties of the most fragrant and beautiful flowers were in full bloom. On the center of the knoll was "his favorite loafing place," a bower, octagonal in shape, thirty feet in diameter and twenty feet high, covered with vines and roses of every conceivable tint. So thoroughly festooned were all sides, and above, that the sun's rays did not penetrate except at the door from which the ocean was visible. The structure was as near as possible a *fac simile* of the historic bower of Aspasia in which Pericles and Socrates discussed the great questions of human life, and it far surpassed in beauty the famous bower in Pasadena in which Helen Hunt Jackson wrote Ramona. A cottage vine-clad and flower-wreathed. As the soft wind sways the foliage the crimson blossoms nod and beckon and wave, as if the spirit of beauty had quickened them with life. Garlands of roses arch the doorway and the windows, and droop, in a tangled fringe across



THE NEWYARD  
Lighthouse

*His Favorite Looking Place*

the pane. It is a bower of beauty—one of nature's pictures, done in the deep warm tints of the southern clime. All about the cottage grow the luxuriant flowers of the tropics, and as we approach their perfume steals upon the senses like sweet incense—soft, seductive, inspiring.

Here, with the vast expanse of water before him, the sullen sea roar always heard and in sight of the waves as they dashed against the rocks, he spent much of his time reading.

The afternoon was delightful, a gentle, warm breeze came from the ocean, which appeared to me to have an exhilarating effect both on the mind and body. It is neither inconceivable, unscientific nor unphilosophical to believe that there are moments of mental and moral exaltation when the human soul knows and feels its relationship with God. Such psychic ecstasy is necessarily evanescent. Not a cloud obscured the vision from zenith to horizon. Far in the distance several times a steamer was seen plowing the placid waters of the Pacific.

Here we spent the remainder of the afternoon. After we exchanged many reminiscences of our boyhood days and the sun was low down in the western horizon, I said to my friend: We are both growing old; it is beyond doubt far past noon and may be near the sun set to one or both of us. What of the night? I have doubts but I have no fears, he said. I believe in God, the creator and ruler of the universe; whether that supreme power is an *ab-extra* force or *inheres* in matter I rarely ever speculate. The permanence of the material universe can only be predicated upon the existence and influx of an *ab-extra* force. I do not believe in special creation, a spurt of divine power in violation of the recognized laws of matter. Whether Pantheism or Monotheism is the correct philosophy may yet be determined. I believe in the immutability of the law of cause and effect the "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." I believe in the eternal existence of matter and force. And "the conservation of energy" now rests upon as firm a basis as the

indestructibility of matter, but science knows nothing of the eternal existence of an organism, and the belief that a literal resurrection of the body will occur on the day of that spectacular "round up" and carry on the complex order of motions that we now recognize as life, is a broken reed.

I have not the egotism to believe that the preservation of the identity of Bill Caston throughout the endless ages of eternity is the best use to which God could put the matter and force I have temporarily borrowed from the general store of force and matter. The conservation of energy warrants the belief, however, that the brain and soul force I now possess, transformed from the inorganic forces by my organism, will never again occupy a lower plane that it does now.

The brain or soul force of the four billion five hundred million persons now living on the earth, and the innumerable number that have lived in the past, and those yet to live, did not always exist as wandering souls, but did always exist, prior to the existence of the organism, as inorganic force in the general store of force made up of light, heat and electricity. Whether an analogy exists between force and matter that will in the far future return all the soul force of the untold billions to the general store of force, thus completing one cycle, is God's business, not ours. Egotism argues the great importance and eternal existence of the human soul, but reason stands with uncovered head in the presence of the great mystery and reverently says, "Thy will be done." God is over all or in all. The night will therefore be a dreamless and eternal sleep, or the sun will rise on a more beautiful shore than the one now before us.

During the year (1874) that Andy Stewart and I were abroad we spent about two months at Suva, the capital of the island of Viti Louva, one of the largest of the 200 islands that constitute the group of the Fiji Islands. The town is unimportant, having a population of about one thousand, nine-tenths of whom are natives who live in rude structures called

houses. A missionary, his family, a dozen or more white families from different parts of the world and ten British soldiers made up the remainder of the population. As there was no hotel in the town we boarded with the missionary, a Mr. Turbet who, by the way, appeared to be an earnest and fearless christian gentleman who was doing all in his power to suppress cannibalism which was common everywhere on the island except in Suva. When not hunting or fishing we remained in camp with the soldiers whose quarters were better than any of the houses in town except the one in which the missionary lived. There were no animals except a few domestic ones that had been imported, on any of the islands, and never had been; so that our hunting was for geese, ducks, parrots and grouse, and as there was danger of being captured and eaten by the natives, we made only short excursions into the country unless we were accompanied by some of the soldiers. One morning about ten o'clock the missionary and a reformed native came running to camp and informed us that a cannibal feast was about to occur up the river two miles distant. The soldiers sprang for their guns and asked Andy and me to go with them which we gladly did. The minister and the native led the way and we "double quicked" or ran the two miles in eleven minutes. When within forty rods of a dense smoke that rose above the low tree tops we heard shrieks and screams more heart rending than the groans of the dying on a battlefield. In a moment we came upon a party of forty natives composed of men, women and children of all ages, most of them absolutely naked, standing around a fire they had made on two logs rolled together. We were too late. The victim, a girl of from fifteen to eighteen, had been slain. A dozen or more stabs had been made in the abdomen and stomach, the natives believing the seat of life to be in that part of the body. One of the cuts must have severed the aorta as there was a pool of blood near her body that represented several gallons. Her body was



already mutilated and a dozen or more of the natives had slices of her flesh which they were roasting on scraps of sheet iron over the fire. They were not disturbed by our presence. They did not appear to know that they were doing wrong and when urged by the missionary to give up the body for burial they declined to do so and continued their feast. Their desire for human flesh is so uncontrollable that if they cannot capture a member of some hostile tribe or a white man, they kill one of their own tribe for a feast one day in each moon. We learned from the native who was with us that the mother of the dead girl was one of the most active in roasting her daughter's flesh for the feast.

We left Suva after two months, on the second steamer that landed at the Fiji islands, for the Island of Borneo, knowing it to be the best hunting ground in the world. In the vast virgin forests there were leopards, buffalo, deer, elephants, rhinoceros and monkeys and the orang-outang and the gorilla. We landed at Brunei, the capital, on the northwest coast. The country for hundreds of miles inland is without population except for a few wandering Dyaks. We went about two miles into the forest and built a cabin of the largest logs we could handle, for the reason that elephants sometimes playfully, or for exercise, tear them to pieces and scatter the logs in every direction. During the first week of our hunt, not a mile from our cabin, we came suddenly upon a female gorilla who had in her arms a baby that we supposed was two or three months old. As we approached her she started to run but her progress, on account of the baby, was about as rapid as a fast walk. We easily overtook the fleeing mother and her babe. She held the little one with as much force as she could without hurting it. When we took it from her arms she did not try to bite or scratch but sat down on the ground and looked at us reproachfully; in a few minutes she began to cry; the tears ran down her cheeks and she uttered a pitiful little wail that sounded

like ba beei, ba beei. In a few minutes, after the baby's fright was gone, it began to cry and sob like a boy and its crying appeared to intensify its mother's grief. We took the child, or little animal back to our cabin but it required all the nerve we had to do so. The mother followed us and remained outside during the remainder of that day and night without food and she and the baby cried most of the time. The next day we took the little one out and put it in its mother's arms hoping she would let it nurse but she tried to run away with it. We ran and caught her, slapped her ears and took the baby back into the cabin. We kept it for two weeks and most of that time the mother was not ten feet away. We let it nurse twice a day and the mother never again tried to steal it away. All this time we fed the mother venison, of which she was very fond, bear meat and buffalo steak. We purposely left bits of venison where she could have easily helped herself in our absence but she never touched anything unless we gave it to her. When we finally gave her little darling back to her for keeps she seemed to be in doubt as to whether she had a right to take it away. We appeared not to notice her actions; she took it in her arms and left the cabin in a slow walk, frequently looking back to see if we were following her. When about ten rods away she evidently concluded that she was not going to be followed. She held the baby close to her face and caressed it as does a young mother her first babe. She gave unmistakable evidence of a mother's love as they disappeared in the jungle. We remained there for three months and almost every day the mother and "Baby Helen"—that is what we called the baby and she knew her name—came to the cabin for their dinner and she always got a choice piece of venison.

When I think of my old eagle and her young and of that gorilla mother and her precious baby Helen in the jungles of Borneo, I am a disciple of Swedenborg who believed *all life* God given, sacred and immortal, but when I think of the Mex-

ican bandits that infest this country and of that cannibal feast in the Fiji islands and the innumerable other atrocities in the world's history I am inclined to accept the philosophy of David Hume. I am sure, however, that:

"The hands that help are better far  
Than lips that pray.  
Love is the ever gleaming star  
That leads the way—  
That shines not on vague worlds of bliss,  
But on a paradise in this."

"Is there beyond the silent night  
An endless day?  
Is death a door that leads to light?  
We cannot say.  
The tongueless secret locked in fate  
We do not know. We hope and wait."

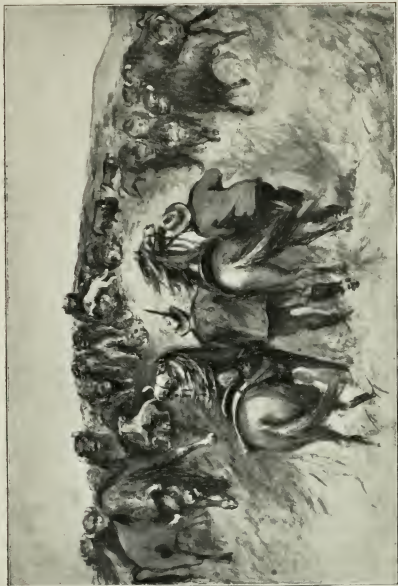
Slowly the sun is approaching the water. It touches the surface; we could see it plainly; it sinks more slowly as if reluctant to die even for twelve hours; it disappears and the waters roll over it. Instantly a wave of darkness that could be seen approaching, swept past us and we were enveloped in darkness. A feeling of reverence and awe had taken possession of us during the splendor of the scene and there was a lull in our conversation. Within a few minutes the moon rose in the east. The first thing observed was a bright yellow spot on the surface of the water not more than half a mile distant. As it gradually increased in size, golden rays were shot out in every direction. As far as the eye could see, a pale, soft, yellow light extended over the surface of the water; upon the crest of the waves as they slowly approached the shore, phosphorescent lights were seen by the thousand, and when they dashed against the rocks all the colors of the rainbow were visible in the spray as it rose above the breakers. When the full moon emerged

from the water, so really did it appear to come out of the sea that water seemed to be dripping from it. My friend, rising, said, "To my mind this beautiful and interesting phenomenon typifies birth, with all its latent and inherent possibilities, but a sun set, death."

After supper I said to my friend, your life during the last forty years has been like a sealed book. Are you willing to break the seal? He replied, with an expression of sadness on his face, there is no reason whatever why I should not speak to you unreservedly of whatever in my life I thought you would care to hear. There has been nothing, however, since the Atlanta campaign that would interest any one except a personal friend, and when my life goes out its effect upon the world will be like the effect of a pebble thrown into a rapidly flowing river. I was discharged from the army with my regiment at the expiration of three years service on the 15th of April, 1865. I visited my parents at Ossian and the grave of my intended wife—a sacred mound, about which there still clings hallowed memories.

On the 10th of May, 1865, in company with Bill Jones, who had been a member of my company and regiment and a bunk mate for three years, we left St. Paul for Montana. Our outfit consisted of two horses, a pack horse and a riding horse, 400 feet of half-inch rope, our old army blankets, a sack of flour, half bushel of salt, ten pounds of bacon (sow belly), two dog tents and a twelve pound sheet iron stove, two repeating rifles, two revolvers, two Bowie knives, an axe, a hatchet, fifty pounds of ammunition and two of the best dogs I ever saw. After the first day out of St. Paul we did not see a white man for over five months, and but few Indians. The Indians were all friendly and appeared to regard us as curiosities. I suppose they had never seen a white man before. Game, large and small was every where abundant; I think there was no day during the next seven months that we could not have killed

a jack rabbit, an antelope, a deer and most of the days a buffalo, and during the last two months while in Montana we could have killed a bear most any day. We established a rule and lived up to it with but few exceptions, to kill nothing except for food and in self defense. The weather was fine and neither of us were sick an hour. I still think of that seven months as the oasis in the barren desert of my life. We had but little trouble in crossing streams, there being ample timber near the water with which to construct rafts on which we, our dogs and our outfit rode to the other shore. Our horses were fearless of water and swam patiently behind the rafts as if they fully appreciated the surroundings. At the Missouri river we made a raft 15 by 23 feet of logs varying in size from eight inches to a foot in diameter and tied them together with our ropes. The stream was so swift that notwithstanding we had a fairly good rudder we landed two miles below the starting point. The horses would, no doubt, have been exhausted unaided, but with a little coaxing they put their necks on the raft and floated with but little exertion on their part. Fifty or sixty miles west of the Missouri river we had camped on what appeared to be a boundless prairie, near a spring of clear, cold water, intending to remain a week or ten days and tan two buffalo hides that we had taken. About two o'clock of the second day a roaring sound was heard in the distance; the hum or roar was continuous but at short intervals it rose and fell like the reverberations of distant thunder; the sound grew louder; it appeared to be coming nearer to us; we could see nothing in the direction of the rumbling noise; there was not a cloud in sight from zenith to the horizon in any direction; our horses became frightened and came uncalled and stood by our sides; our dogs, ordinarily absolutely fearless, crouched at our feet looking in the direction of the inexplicable phenomenon; the earth trembled; waves of motion following each other in quick



*Buffalo Stampede*

THE MONTANA  
ARTIST

succession could be distinctly felt; with a field glass I saw what appeared to be a dark cloud on the horizon mixed with a cloud of dust that extended both to the right and left as far as the eye could see. The tempest like roar became deafening; the vibratory motion of the earth more pronounced; the dark cloud could now be seen with the naked eye approaching at a furious rate; our horses were trembling with fear; it now flashed upon us that we were in front of a buffalo stampede without any possible means of escape. The thought of being wiped off the face of the earth and not even a grease spot left, after having taken repeated chances to die honorably on the battlefield, produced in me greater fear than I ever felt before or since. We stood in front of our horses and opened fire at long range, firing alternately at the same point in the approaching line about every two seconds. It was apparent that our shots were taking effect even at a distance of fifty or sixty rods; several staggered and fell; others in great numbers tumbled head over heels over the fallen producing great piles of straggling, bellowing, and goring buffaloes. When the surging mass was about twenty or thirty rods distant, at our command the dogs sprang forward and fearlessly attacked those in front which were generally the largest and strongest. With what appeared human intelligence they attacked those at the exact point where our shots were telling; their ability, without former training, to grasp the largest bull buffalo by the nose and tumble him heels over head, and in an instant another and another, and escape their hoofs and being crushed by the great number that fell over and around them, was marvelous and inexplicable. An opening was being made in the line; they pushed, gored and bellowed and many mounted upon the moving mass and rode for rods before falling between those on either side, in their mad effort to get away from the dogs and now well directed shots at short range. The opening increased in width and the open space where we stood as the vast herd of

over fifty thousand buffalo swept past us was about two rods wide and extended ten to fifteen rods in our front and closed up a few rods in our rear. Over two hundred were left dead or so badly crippled that they could not get away, within a radius of a half mile, and of that number we had killed about a dozen. The bloodiest charge I ever witnessed on the battlefield, and the most defiant, hair raising rebel yell I ever heard was not so terrible as the thunder of that stampede.

No other incident worth referring to occurred on our overland trip of three thousand miles and extending over seven months.

In Montana we had several encounters with wounded bears. That, however, was of no consequence; any man of ordinary strength with a good knife and a cool head can kill a bear of any size in ten seconds without a scratch. The larger the bear the slower are his motions and the more sure you are to get in your work. If it had not been for my own carelessness in permitting the knife to have been knocked out of my hand day before yesterday that bear would have fallen dead at my feet in five seconds.

Only once, in the many encounters I have had with bears from that day to this, was I in real danger. Near the end of our journey in what is now the eastern part of Montana, we had camped early in the afternoon on the bank of a beautiful mountain stream. A prairie of irregular width, on which there was the most luxuriant growth of grass I have ever seen, extended out to the mountain ranges on both sides of the valley. After an early supper I left my friend to wash the dishes and I started up the river, hoping to kill an antelope. I had not gone a quarter of a mile when suddenly and unexpectedly I came upon the largest grizzly bear I ever saw, and two cubs five or six weeks old. They were evidently sleeping and did not hear my noiseless steps through the tall grass, which extended above my head, until I was not three feet from where



they were lying. Instantly, before I had time to use my gun, the great beast sprang upon me; her fore paws struck my breast and shoulders with so much force that it staggered me, and her hot breath in my face produced a feeling of suffocation.

I reached for my knife, but, great heavens! it was not in my belt; I had left it at the camp. I think I must have been dazed for a few seconds; the first thing I now distinctly recollect was the screaming of the cubs that had been fiercely attacked by the dog. At the first yelp of the cub she left me and sprang upon the dog. Before the dog was seriously injured I plunged my sword bayonet eighteen inches long full length into her body. The bayonet entered between two of the vertebra, severing the spinal marrow; instantaneous and permanent paralysis was the result. I dispatched her at my leisure.

Whether the dog reasoned that by attacking the cubs he could attract the attention of the mother from me to them or whether it was by accident that he attacked the cubs and not the mother, I shall never know. I shall always believe, however, that he knew a dozen dogs like himself would not be a match for such a bear. The dog had killed one of the cubs. We kept the other one and it soon became a favorite in camp, not only with both of us, but our dogs as well. After the first day it appeared contented and happy. It rode with apparent pleasure in a sack prepared for it suspended from the horn of our saddles, and after the first day or two it appeared to be anxious to be helped onto the saddle. We sold it **two months** later for five dollars, in Bozeman, Montana. I saw it again after seven years, and it gave what I believe to have been unmistakable evidence that it remembered me. Its owner assured me that it had never shown the slightest ill temper and that it had always been as obedient as a well trained shepherd dog, that its weight during the last four years had always been over six hundred pounds.

It is a very different and much more hazardous thing to have an encounter with a lion or tiger; especially a wounded tigress. No man, however strong he may be or how cool headed he is, is without great danger if attacked. They possess such marvelous strength and their motions are so rapid that if a man comes out alive he is fortunate. During the five months that Andy Stewart and I were searching for Dr. Livingston in the jungles of Africa we had several encounters with lions and tigers and we both carry scars as a result of one of them. Neither of us alone could have survived the fierce battle we had with a wounded and infuriated tigress. Lions are not so difficult to kill; their motions are not so quick and they do not possess the inexplicable tenacity of life of the tiger.

We were going up a tributary of the Zambezi river near the spot where Doctor Livingston had his arm fractured in an encounter with a lion; when a tiger of unusual size emerged from a jungle not a hundred yards distant. It stood there looking at us, motionless, except for a rapid wag of its tail, which we had been informed had the significance of a black flag. We fired at the same instant but it came straight toward us at such a furious rate that we supposed it to be uninjured. In the last bound it cleared twenty-seven feet and the highest point in the curve it described we estimated at eight or ten feet. We received it with fixed bayonets, both of them entering its breast near together, and we learned later on that one of them entered its heart. Its weight and momentum were so great that we were felled to the ground with the tiger on top of us. Both bayonets were broken off at the end of the guns and remained in the body. It died in a few seconds but lived long enough to inflict several lacerations with its claws upon both of us. Both shots had taken effect; the bullets having passed through the body near the heart.

After a few days rest at Billings, Montana, we determined to combine a hunt and a prospecting trip of a couple of weeks

on the Yellowstone river. We left early in the morning with ample grub stake and an outfit for prospecting and our horses. By two o'clock we had camped on a grassy plateau at the foot of a low mountain range on the west bank of the Yellowstone river. After a hasty dinner and our horses had been safely tethered in a luxuriant growth of grass, I started down the river and Bill started up a ravine that extended in the opposite direction, hoping to bring into camp a deer before night. I had been gone less than two hours when a feeling that evil had befallen my friend came upon me. I tried to dismiss it from my mind but I could not. We had been told at Billings that the Sioux Indians were on the war path but we supposed that was a story for "tenderfeet" and paid no attention to it. I stopped, looked in the river a few minutes, turned round and walked rapidly back to camp. Horror! The horses and every thing in camp except the spade was gone. I was bewildered; half consciously I walked in the direction that Bill had gone, and about half a mile from the camp I found his dead body, still warm, tied to a sapling six or eight inches in diameter. A buckskin strap five or six inches broad was around his body just under his arms and also around the sapling above a limb, prevented his body from falling. A pool of blood extended all around the roots of the tree; a cut had been made in the abdomen and the end of the bowels attached to the tree and were twice wound around the body of the sapling! Ten feet away were the smouldering embers of what had been a blazing fire; the burnt embers of many sticks a half inch in diameter were scattered about, the burning end of the sticks had been held against his body in a hundred places; both his eyes had been burned out; he had evidently been compelled to walk around the tree after his bowels had been attached to it; and he had been scalped! In the deepest sorrow I have ever known, I buried him on a timbered knoll overlooking the Yellowstone river. I had just emerged from the little grove in which there was left his lonely grave when twelve Sioux Indians approached

me; they were laughing and did not appear hostile; one of them playfully tossed his fingers through my long hair and said "heap like white squaw's." I was not deceived by their pretended friendship; one of them had on Bill Jones' coat, and another his pants. While I was thinking what to do, a blow with a tomahawk that I di' not see in time to dodge made that scar (pointing to a scar on his left temple) and rendered me unconscious. How long I remained in that condition I have no idea. When I became conscious there was a blazing fire where the embers had been; I was tied to the same tree and in the same manner my friend had been, except that my hands were tied behind me and around the sapling, and a half dozen or more Indians stood around me with burning sticks in their hands which they were applying to the different parts of my naked body. Full consciousness and all my strength returned to me at once; I saw all their guns and mine lying in a pile twenty feet away; instantly the buckskin thong that held my hands snapped as if it had been cotton thread and the band around my chest parted as if it had been a ribbon and at a single bound I stood a straddle of the guns. I seized one and before they recovered from their surprise and bewilderment I shot three of them dead; they then made a rush for me, and with the gun in my left hand I knocked them from me and with my right fist I knocked them down until seven were lying around me as if dead; the three remaining, evidently supposed a superhuman power had been turned loose upon them and they ran; they all fell dead within one hundred yards. As some of the seven I had knocked down began to show signs of life I brained them as remorselessly as I would have crushed the head of a rattlesnake. My clothing, uninjured, was hanging on the limb of a tree near by. They had not had time to cast lots for the different pieces. I had just finished dressing myself when I heard two shots up the river not far away. I concealed myself in a clump of brush and within a few minntes two red skin

devils came in sight riding our horses. They exhibited so much hilarity that I thought they were drunk. I waited until they were within short range and shot them both dead."

He unlocked a drawer in his book case and took out three Indian scalps, and said: "Those are the scalps of the three I saw put the ends of burning sticks against my naked body after I became conscious."

I spent the next seven years of my life avenging the death of the only friend I had on earth. How well I succeeded you do not care to hear. Since that time I have been an aimless wanderer in Oregon, Washington, California and in Mexico, except one year that I spent in the South Sea Island and in the far east. I have lived in this cabin seven years and my only friends are my birds and Andy Stewart. We are the authorized guards when money or valuables are carried between Tia Juana and Ensenado. We generally go time about. We have had several encounters with Mexican bandits and have been compelled to kill a good many desperadoes in self defense and to protect passengers and their money. Stewart has had more mix-ups with them than I have had. He is absolutely without fear; I am not. I have had a mixture of good and bad luck. Three years ago I was guarding the stage with two passengers, an elderly gentleman and his daughter and a large amount of money. We were fiercely attacked by four Mexican bandits just beyond Bear Gulch, where the road enters the stage road. The driver was shot dead but beyond an awful fright to the poor girl we were not otherwise injured. No one of the bandits lived to tell the story. The old gentleman gave me a thousand dollars. Within a few months after this I had a similar experience, only that there was one passenger and he a young man without money. Early in the fight which lasted more than an hour, one of the horses was disabled by a shot from ambush. Four Mexicans then rushed for the stage, firing as they came. Within a few minutes the young man had

his thigh broken by a shot at short range. He had more nerve than any tenderfoot I ever saw and he got his man, and the other three have never attacked a stage coach since. I took the young man back to a hospital at San Diego and at the time of his recovery after five months it took all of the thousand dollars and one hundred more to pay the bill. The poor fellow was killed in a railroad wreck soon after he returned to New York. I have never encountered, nor have I ever heard of an Indian bandit, and I have never personally known an Indian atrocity except when they were on the war path in defense of what they—erroneously or otherwise—believed to be their rights. From actual association with many tribes and chiefs I have arrived at the following estimate of normal Indian character: They are never quarrelsome, treacherous, revengeful nor vindictive. I never heard of an Indian beating his wife or children; I have never seen older boys bullying younger ones. Indian children rarely quarrel among themselves. There is great attachment among the whole family and when an Indian man travels he takes his wife and children, his parents and grandparents with him. In this he is like the German who takes his family with him when he goes to the beer garden and very unlike many Americans who have the habit of going off and getting drunk alone, and then coming home and maltreating their families.

I own two thousand acres of land, worth about one thousand dollars. I have nearly a mile of ocean shore line embracing that promontory from which we watched the sun set and the moon rise, and when I die Andy Stewart will bury me near the base of the cliff on the summit which is the eagle's nest, overlooking the ocean.

We spent the entire forenoon of the day I returned to Tia Juana at his cabin. He read me his favorite poems and his literary and scientific gems. Among them was the last lecture in Tyndall's "Heat as a Mode of Motion," in

which he says that "scientists cannot avoid taking side glances at the phenomena of consciousness and thought." It is not surpassed in beauty by anything ever written by man; extracts from Spencer's "First Principles" and his "Data of Ethics"; from John W. Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe;" the "Principia;" Leckey's "Rationalism in Europe;" Mill's "Logic;" Pope's "Essay on Man;" "The Betrothal of Curren's Daughter to Robert Emmet" by Irving; and Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks" in which he discusses the unprecedented rainfall and storms when all the water now on the earth was in the atmosphere in primeval times and the earth was too hot to permit it to remain on the surface.

His favorite poems were "Abou Ben Adhem," "Jim Bludso," "Little Breeches" and the "Confessional" written by Howard S. Taylor. It is reproduced here as a compliment to my friend and for the further reason that it has not appeared in any book of poems:

God of our sires who hither fled  
Across a strange and stormy sea,  
Who suffered exile, toiled and bled  
To make themselves and children free,  
God of the pilgrim, snite us not!  
We have forgot! We have forgot!

How runs the story? Far away  
We hear the epoch-opening gun  
Fired by our minute men at bay  
Upon the green at Lexington!  
But far and faint, we heed it not  
—Lord God of Hosts, we have forgot!

The bill of rights our fathers signed  
And sealed with shot and sabre-stroke,  
Their just appeal to all mankind,  
Their prayers sent up through battle smoke.  
Their faith humane, without blot,  
Lord Christ, forgive!—we have forgot!

Ah! if, where sunset islands lie,  
Thy brave, brown men their blood shall spill,  
Shall strike for liberty and die,  
Slain by the heirs of Bunker Hill,  
Thou wilt remember! wilt thou not?  
Though we, the people, have forgot!

We have forgot! A Roman lust  
Profanes our ancient, holy things;  
We trample justice in the dust;  
We have the rabies of the kings!  
—The scarlet rags of gun and sword!  
Have mercy on the people, Lord!

Amen!

He also showed me hundreds of stereopticon views made from pictures that he had taken in his trip around the world. The picture of Queen Liliocolona of the Hawaiian Islands in her carriage drawn by six white horses; several ocean views with and without sails in the distance; the Pyramids of Cheops and the Sphinx; the Ruins of Ancient Thebes; several views of the Nile—one of them showing a massive hippopotamus sunning himself on the bank; many views in Rome, Athens and Jerusalem; a fight to the death between a lion and a tiger in the wilds of Africa; a herd of thirty elephants on the Island of Borneo; and many others were especially interesting to me.

I remained with my friend three days and shared his venison, his corn bread and bacon and eggs. From the nests of the Mexican pheasants near his cabin and the duck and goose eggs that he gathered from his "duck and goose ponds" as he called them, he not only supplied his table, but sent many dozens to Tia Juana with the stage.

He went with me to the stage road. Before we started he filled his pockets with barley. Soon after we left the cabin, the birds large and small came to him by the dozen. A part of the barley he threw broadcast and it was amusing to see them tumble over each other in their haste to get it. Some of the larger ones ate out of his hands. When the stage came there was a warm "western" greeting



between "Bill" and "Andy," as they called each other, and Stewart said to Caston, "I was surprised that you did not meet your friend as you knew he was coming." "I intended to have done so," he said, "but on the way I saw a deer and having no watch, I followed it too far."

We visited half an hour while the horses rested and there was no reference to our late encounter with the bear by my friend Bill; whether he thought it a matter of no importance or because he felt guilty for not having met me, I shall never know. When he took my hand, which he held much longer than usual, and said goodbye again, there glistened a tear in his eye, and his lip trembled.





